Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a king.
Glo. Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.
Enter yong Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Prin. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lo: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our couſen noble L. of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrowne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couſen, with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my coſen.
Yor. A greater gift? O that's the ſword to it.
Glo. I gentle coſen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee you wil part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Little.
Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe

Becauſe that I am litle l
He thinkes that you ſh
Buc. With what a ſh
To mitrigate the ſcorne
He pretely and aptly tau
So cunning and ſo yong
Glo. My Lo: wilt plea
My ſelfe and my good c
Will to your mother, to
To meet you at the To
Yor. What will you g
Prin. My Lord Prot
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe
Glo. Why, what ſhou
Yor. Mary my vncle
My Granam tolde me h
Prin. I feare no vncle
Glo. Nor none that li
Prin. And if they liu
But come my L., with a h
Thinking on them, goe
Exeunt Prin. Y
Buc. Thinke you my
Was not incenſed by his
To taunt and ſcorne you
Glo. No doubt, no dou
Bold, quicke, ingenious,
He is all the mothers, fr
Buc. Well let them r
Thou art ſworne as deep
As cloſely to conceale w
Thou knoweſt our reaſon
What thinkeſt thou, is it
To make William L. Ha
For the inſtalment of thi
In the ſeate royall of this
Cateſ. He for his fathe
That he will not be won
Buc. What thinkeſt th

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